An Album of Songs

Alicia Adelaide Needham

BOOSEY & Co LONDON & NEW YORK

HUSH SONGS.

AN

Album

OF

TWELVE

HUSH-SONGS

COMPOSED BY

Alicia Adélaïde Needham

A AND L.R.A.M., A.R.C.M.

WITH AN ORIGINAL FRONTISPIECE BY ROBERT SAUBER. R.B.A.

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TO

My Mother

For most of the beautiful Poems included in this Volume, I am deeply indebted to my kind friends,

DR. GEORGE SIGERSON,

The late EUGENE FIELD, Esq.,

DR. GOODCHILD,

AND

FRANCIS A. FAHY, ESQ.

And also to the Editor of "The Detroit Free Press."

A. .A N.

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No. 1.

May sweet sleep woo you.

AN ANCIENT IRISH CRADLE-SONG.

MAY SWEET SLEEP WOO YOU.

AN ANCIENT IRISH LULLABY.

(*Translated from the Irish.*)

I'LL put you myself, my baby! to slumber,
Not as is done by the clownish number,—
A yellow blanket and coarse sheet bringing,
But in golden cradle that's softly swinging

To and fro, lulla lo,
To and fro, my bonnie baby!
To and fro, lulla lo,
To and fro, my own sweet baby!

I'll put you myself, my baby! to slumber,
On sunniest day of the pleasant summer;
Your golden cradle on smooth lawn laying,
'Neath murm'ring boughs that the winds are swaying

To and fro, &c.

Slumber, my babe! may the sweet sleep woo you,
And from your slumbers may health come to you!
May all diseases now flee and fear you;
May sickness and sorrow never come near you!

To and fro, &c.

Slumber, my babe! may the sweet sleep woo you,
And from your slumbers may health come to you!
May bright dreams come, and come no other,
And I be never a childless mother.

To and fro, &c.

GEORGE SIGERSON, M.D.

Sung by MISS ADA CROSSLEY.

MAY SWEET SLEEP WOO YOU.

(Translated from the Irish)

WORDS BY
DR. GEORGE SIGERSON.

MUSIC BY
ALICIA ADÉLAÏDE NEEDHAM.

Allegretto con grazia.

VOICE.

PIANO.

mf

mp

I'll put you myself, my

ritard.

mp a tempo

ba - by! to slum-ber, Not as is done by the clown-ish. . . num-ber,-A

Ped.

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mf

yel - low blanket and coarse sheet bring - ing, But in golden cra - dle that's

mf

rall:

mp a tempo

soft - ly swing - ing To and fro

rall:

a tempo 2 8 4 L.H.

mp

Ped.

Lul - - - la - - lo, ... To. . . . and. . .

L.H.

L.H.

Ped.

ritard.

fro, my. . . . bon - - nie ba - - by!

ritard.

p a tempo

To and fro, ... Lul - - - - la - -

L.H. L.H.

p

a tempo

Ped. Ped.

- lo, ... To and fro, my own sweet

ritard. *p*

ba - - - by!

ritard.

a tempo

p

I'll

rall:

put you myself, my ba - by! to slum_ber, On sunniest day of the

rall: *a tempo*

plea - sant sum - mer; Your gold - en cra - dle on

rall: *mf a tempo*

smooth lawn lay - ing, 'Neath murm'ring boughs that the

ritard. *a tempo*

winds are sway - ing To and

ritard. *mp a tempo* R.H. L.H. Ped.

fro, ... Lul - - - la - - lo, ...

R.H. L.H.

Ped.

To . . . . and . . . fro, my . . . bon - - nie

ritard. *p a tempo*

ba - - by! To and fro, ...

a tempo *ritard.*

p

Ped.

Lul - - - la - - lo, ... To and fro, my

ritard.

own . . . sweet ba - - - by!

a tempo

ritard.

p

sotto voce

rall:

mp a tempo

Slum - ber, my babe! may the sweet sleep woo you,

mp a tempo

Ped.

And from your slum - bers may health come to you! May

mf

all dis - eas - es now flee and fear you; Sick - ness and sor - row

mf

rall:

nev - er come near you!

p a tempo

To and fro, ...

L.H. R.H.

rall:

p a tempo

Ped.

Lul - - - la lo, ... To . . . . and . . .

L.H. R.H.

Ped.

ritard.

fro, my . . . bon - - nie ba - - by!

ritard.

pp *a tempo*

To and fro, ... Lul - - - la

a tempo

pp

ritard.

lo, ... To and fro, my own bon - nie

ritard.

molto rit:

ba - - - by!

molto rit: *p colla voce*

a tempo

poco rall: *a tempo*

rall: al fine

L.H.

p

pp *ppp*

Ped. Ped. Ped.

No. 2.

Little Blue Pigeon.

A JAPANESE LULLABY.

LITTLE BLUE PIGEON.

Sleep, little pigeon, and fold your wings—
Little blue pigeon with velvet eyes;
Sleep to the singing of mother-bird swinging—
Swinging the nest where her little one lies.

Away out yonder I see a star,
Silvery star with a tinkling song;
To the soft dew falling I hear it calling—
Calling and tinkling the night along.

In through the window a moonbeam comes—
Little gold moonbeam with misty wings;
All silently creeping, it asks: "Is he sleeping—
Sleeping and dreaming while mother sings?"

But sleep, little pigeon, and fold your wings—
Little blue pigeon with mournful eyes;
Am I not singing?—see, I am swinging—
Swinging the nest where my darling lies.

Eugene Field.

LITTLE BLUE PIGEON.

WORDS BY
EUGENE FIELD.

MUSIC BY
ALICIA ADÉLAÏDE NEEDHAM.

Allegretto con grazia.

VOICE.

PIANO.

mp *ten.*

p

Sleep, lit_tle pi_geon, and fold your wings_ Lit_tle blue pi_geon with

L.H. L.H. L.H.

vel_vet eyes; Sleep to the sing_ing of mo_ther-bird swing_ing_

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ritard.

Swing_ing the nest where her lit_tle one lies.

ritard.

tranquillo e dolcemente

L.H.

L.H.

mf

O_ver out yon_der I see a star_

p

Sil_ver_y star with a

L.H.

L.H.

mf

p

Ped.

Ped.

poco accel.

tink_ling song; To the soft dew fall_ing I hear it call_ing_

poco accel.

rall:

Call - ing and tink - ling the whole . . . . . night long.

L.H.

rall:

soavemente

a tempo

p

In through the win - dow a moon - beam comes — Lit - tle gold moonbeam with

p

Ped.

pp

mist - y wings; All si - lent - ly creeping, it asks: "Is he sleep - ing —

8va

pp colla voce

p

ritard

Sleep - ing and dream - ing while mo - - ther sings?"

p

ritard

a tempo

sempre p

mf

So sleep, lit - tle pi - geon, and

L.H.

mf sostenuto

Ped.

ritard.

fold your wings— Lit - tle blue pi - geon with mourn - ful eyes;

L.H.

ritard.

Ped.

poco accel.

Am I not sing - - ing?_ see, I am swing - - ing_

poco accel.

rall:

Swing - ing the nest where my own . . . . . dar - ling

rall:

L.H.

p

Ped.

lies.

p a tempo

sotto voce

pp

molto rit:

8va

ppp

No. 3.

Wynken, Blynken and Nod.

A DUTCH LULLABY.

WYNKEN, BLYNKEN AND NOD.

WYNKEN, Blynken and Nod one night,
Sailed off in a wooden shoe,
Sailed on a river of crystal light,
Into a sea of dew:
"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"
The old moon asked the three;—
"We have come to fish for the herring-fish
That live in this beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we!"
Said Wynken, Blynken and Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,
As they rocked in the wooden shoe,
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew.
The little stars were the herring-fish
That lived in that beautiful sea;—
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish,
Never afeared are we;"
So cried the stars to the fishermen three:
Wynken, Blynken and Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
To the stars in the twinkling foam,—
Then down from the skies came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home;
'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed
As if it *could not* be,
And some folk thought 'twas a dream they'd dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea;—
But I shall name you the fishermen three:
Wynken, Blynken and Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle bed.
So shut your eyes while mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things,
As you rock in the misty sea,
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three;—
Wynken, Blynken and Nod.

EUGENE FIELD.

WYNKEN, BLYNKEN AND NOD.

WORDS BY
EUGENE FIELD.

MUSIC BY
ALICIA ADÉLAÏDE NEEDHAM

Soave.

PIANO.

mf

Ped. Ped.

mp

Wynken and Blynken and Nod one night, Sailed off in a wood - en

mp

shoe,— Sailed on a ri-ver of crystal light, In-to a sea of

mf

dew: "Where are you go-ing, and what do you wish?" The

mf

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p timoroso

old moon asked of the three;— "We have come to fish for the

p

her - ring - fish That live in this beau - ti - ful sea;

p

Nets of sil - ver and gold have we!" Said Wyn - ken, Blyn-ken and

p

Nod.

mf

The

tranquillamente

mf

rastamente

old moon laughed and sang a song, As they rocked in the wood - en

Ped.

shoe, And the wind that sped them all night long

Ruffled the waves of dew. The lit - tle wee stars were the

ritard.

a tempo

her - ring - fish That lived in that beau - ti - ful sea;— "Now

ritard.

a tempo

p

cast your nets. . . where ev - er you wish,— For

8va

p leggiero

mf *mp*

nev - er a - feared are we;" So cried the stars to the

mf *mp*

rall:

fish - er - men three: Wyn - ken, Blyn - ken and Nod.

rall:

p a tempo

mp

All night long their nets they threw To the stars in the twink-ling

mp

foam;— Then down from the skies came the wood - en shoe,

Bring-ing the fish-er-men home; 'Twas all so pret-ty a

rit.

p a tempo

sail, it seemed As if it *could not* be, And

rit.

p a tempo

some folks thought 'twas a dream they'd dreamed Of sail_ing that beau_ti_ful

sotto voce

sea;— But I shall name you the

p

rit. *p*

fish_er_men three: Wyn_ken, Blyn_ken and Nod.

rit. *a tempo*

mp

Wyn_ken and Blyn_ken are two lit_tle eyes, And Nod is a lit_tle

mp

Ped.

head, And the wood_en shoe that sailed the skies, Is a

sotto voce

wee one's trun_dle_bed. So shut your eyes while

p

Ped.

rall:

a tempo

mo_ther sings Of won_der_ful sights that be, And

rall:

a tempo

p

you shall see the beau_ti_ful things, As you rock in the mist _ y

pva

p leggiero

p

sea, Where the old shoe rocked the fish_er_men three;—

rall:

p

rall:

pp

Wyn _ _ ken, Blyn _ ken and Nod.

pp

sempre pp

molto rit:

rit:

ppp

pppp

No. 4.

The Fairy's Lullaby.

THE FAIRY'S LULLABY.

Oh, listen, little Dear-My-Soul,
To the fairy voices calling,
For the moon is high in the misty sky
And the honey dew is falling;
To the midnight feast in the clover bloom
The blue-bells are a-ringing,
And it's "Come away to the land of fay"
That the katydid is singing.

Katydid = American insect akin to the grasshopper - (imitation of its note)

Oh, slumber, little Dear-My-Soul,
And hand in hand we'll wander—
Hand in hand to the beautiful land
Of Balow, away off yonder;
Or we'll sail along in a lily leaf
Into the white moon's halo,
Over a stream of mist and dream
Into the land of Balow.

Or, you shall have two beautiful wings—
Two gossamer wings and airy,
And all the while shall the old moon smile
And think you a little fairy;
And you shall dance in the velvet sky,
And the silvery stars shall twinkle
And dream sweet dreams as over their beams
Your footfalls softly tinkle.

EUGENE FIELD

THE FAIRY'S LULLABY.

WORDS BY
EUGENE FIELD.

MUSIC BY
ALICIA ADÉLAÏDE NEEDHAM.

Molto Allegro Vivace.

PIANO.

f brillante

mp

Oh, list - en, lit - tle Dear - My - Soul, To the

mp

leggieramente

fai - ry voi - ces call - - ing, For the moon is high in the

mist - y sky And the hon - ey dew is fall - - ing; To the

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mid - night feast in the clo - ver bloom The blue bells are a - -

- ring - - ing, And it's "Come a - way to the land of fay" That the

leggiero *sf*

f *rall:* *p* *a tempo leggiero*

ka - ty - did is sing - ing. Oh, lis - ten, lit - - tle

f *rall:* *p* *a tempo leggiero*

Dear - My - Soul, To the fai - ry voi - ces call - - ing, For the

moon is high in the mist - y sky And the hon - ey dew is

fall - - ing.

8va

scherzevolmente

p leggiero

mp

Oh, slum - ber, lit - tle

tr

mp

Dear - My - Soul, And hand in hand we'll wan - - der—

p

Hand in hand to the beau_ti_ful land Of Ba_low, a_way off

p

yon_ _der; Or we'll sail a_long in a li_ly leaf. . . . .

p *p*

In_to the white moon's ha_ _lo_ . . O_ver a stream of

leggiero

p

mist and dream In_to the land of Ba_ _low. Oh,

mf *rit.* *a tempo*

mf *rit.* *a tempo*

p

slum - ber, lit - tle Dear - My - Soul, And hand in hand we'll

p
ten.

Ped. Ped.

wan - - der— Hand in hand to the beau-ti-ful land Of

poco rit.

Ba - low a-way off yon - - der.

poco rit.

mf scherzevolmente
a tempo

Or,

non rall.

p

you shall have two beau_ti_ful wings_Two gos_sa_mer wings and

air_ _y, And all the while shall the old moon smile And

poco rall:

poco rall:

a tempo

think you a lit_tle fai_ _ry; And you shall dance in the

a tempo

vel_vet sky, And the sil_ver_y stars shall twin_ _kle And

dream sweet dreams as o_ver their beams Your foot - falls soft_ly tin _ kle. Oh,

mf *rit:* *p*

leggiero

mf *rit:* *p*

a tempo

slum _ ber, lit _ tle Dear - My - Soul, And hand in hand we'll

a tempo
sotto voce

mp poco rit:

wan _ _der_ Hand in hand to the beautiful land Of Ba _ low, a_way off

mp colla voce

yon _ der.

p vivacita *pp* *ppp*

Ped.

No. 5.

My Harp is on the Willow Tree.

A JEWISH LULLABY.

MY HARP IS ON THE WILLOW TREE.

My harp is on the willow tree,
Else would I sing, O love, to thee
  A song of long ago;
Perchance the song that Miriam sung
Ere yet Judea's heart was wrung
  By centuries of woe.

The shadow of the centuries lies
Deep in thy dark and mournful eyes—
  But, hush! and close them now;
And in the dreams that thou shalt dream
The light of other days shall seem
  To glorify thy brow!

Our harp is on the willow tree—
I have no song to sing to thee,
  As shadows round us roll;
But, hush! and sleep, and thou shalt hear
Jehovah's voice that speaks to cheer,
  Judea's fainting soul!

EUGENE FIELD.

Sung by MISS ADA CROSSLEY.

MY HARP IS ON THE WILLOW TREE.

WORDS BY
EUGENE FIELD.

MUSIC BY
ALICIA ADÉLAÏDE NEEDHAM.

Andante espressivo.

p con molto dolenza

VOICE.

My harp is on the wil_low-

PIANO.

mp

p

Ped.

poco cres.

-tree, Else would I sing, O love, to thee A

p

song of. . . . long a_ _go—

mp

Per_

leggiero

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dolcemente

_ chance the song that Miriam sung Ere

mp con grazia

Ped. Ped.

yet Ju _ de _ a's heart was wrung Ere

f

f

Ped. Ped. Ped.

yet Ju _ de _ a's heart was wrung By

Ped. Ped. Ped.

ritard. *p*

cen _ _ tur _ ies of woe.

ritard. *p a tempo*

Ped. Ped.

semplice

Ped.

infelicemente

poco rit:

The sha_ _dow of the... cen_tur_ies

poco rit:

Ped.

a tempo

lies Deep in thy dark and mournful eyes_ But,

a tempo

poco cres:

rall:

hush! and... close them now; And

rall:

sempre p a tempo

tranquillo e dolcemente

in the dreams that thou shalt dream The

mp con grazia

Ped. Ped.

f con passione

light of o_ther days shall seem, The

f con passione

Ped.

light of o_ther days shall seem To

ritard. *p a tempo*

glo - - ri - fy thy brow!

ritard. *p a tempo*

Ped. Ped. Ped.

semplice

Ped. Ped.

p *miserabilmente*

Our harp is on the.... wil - low -

rit. *a tempo*

Ped. Ped.

senza speranza

- tree - I have no song to sing to thee, As

poco cres. p

Ped.

sha - dows round us roll; But,

mp

pp sotto voce *ten.* *ten.*

con molto tenerezza

hush! and sleep, and thou shalt hear Je - -

mp

Ped. Ped.

- ho - - vah's voice that speaks to cheer, Je - - -

ff

ff

Ped.

- ho - - vah's voice that speaks to cheer Ju -

p

- de - - a's faint - - ing soul!

p

Ped.

smorzando

Ped.

pp

No. 6.

The Firstborn.

AN ENGLISH LULLABY

THE FIRSTBORN.

So fair, so dear, so warm upon my bosom,
And in my hands the little rosy feet.
Sleep on, my little bird, my lamb, my blossom;
Sleep on, sleep on, my sweet.

What is it God hath given me to cherish,
This living, moving wonder which is mine—
Mine only? Leave it with me or I perish,
Dear Lord of love divine.

Dear Lord, 'tis wonderful, beyond all wonder,
This tender miracle vouchsafed to me,
One with myself, yet just so far asunder
That I myself may see.

Flesh of my flesh, and yet so subtly linking
New selfs with old, all things that I have been
With present joys beyond my former thinking
And future things unseen.

Seen, held in arms, and clasped around so tightly,
My love, my bird, I will not let thee go.
Yet soon the little rosy feet must lightly
Go pattering to and fro.

Mine, Lord, all mine Thy gift and loving token,
Mine – yes or no, unseen its soul divine?
Mine by the chain of love with links unbroken,
Dear Saviour, Thine and mine.

J. A. Goodchild.

THE FIRST BORN.

WORDS BY
DR. J. A. GOODCHILD.

MUSIC BY
ALICIA ADÉLAÏDE NEEDHAM.

Allegro moderato.

VOICE.

PIANO.

mf

So fair, so dear, so warm up_on my bo_som, And in my hands the

p

lit_tle ro_sy feet. Sleep on, my lit_tle bird, my lamb, my blos_som;

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ritard.

Sleep on, ... sleep on, my sweet.

leggiero

gra

p

p

grazioso

ben marcato

p

f

pp

Ped.

mf piu agitato

con molto tenerezza

What is it God hath gi - ven me to che - rish, This liv - ing, mov - ing

mf piu agitato

rit:

con abbandono f

won - der which is mine — Mine on - ly? Leave it with me or I pe - rish,

rit:

f

mf *ritard.*

Dear Lord. . . . . of love di - vine.

mf *accel.* *ritard.* *p* *a tempo*

mp *p* *pp*

mp

Dear Lord, 'tis won-drous- far be-yond all won-der, This mi - ra - cle of

mp *p*

poco rit: *a tempo*

grace vouch-safed to me, One with my - self, yet just so far a - sun-der

poco rit: *a tempo*

ritard.

That I. . . . . my - self can see.

8va

leggiero

p

ben marcato

p

f

pp

Ped.

piu agitato

Flesh of my flesh, and yet so subt - ly link - ing

piu agitato

ritard.

New selfs with old, all things that I have been

ritard.

a tempo. *f*

With pre_sent joys be _ yond my form_er think_ing And fu _ _ _

a tempo *f* *accel.*

rit. *p*

_ _ _ ture things un _ seen.

a tempo

p ritard. *tranquillamente*

mf *dim.*

mf

Seen, held in arms, and clasped a_round so tight_ly,

p ritard. *a tempo* *mf* *p*

con passione *rall:* *a tempo*

My love, my bird, I will not let thee go. Yet soon the lit _ tle

rall: *p* *a tempo*

ritard.

ro _ sy feet must light _ ly Go. . . . . pat _ ter _ ing to and

leggiero *pp* *ritard.*

fro.

p *p* *a tempo*

ben marcato

mf

Mine, Lord, all mine Thy gift and lov _ ing to _ ken.

pp *mf*

Ped.

Mine _ yes or no, un - - seen its soul di - vine?

Mine by the chain of love with links un - bro - ken,

f

f

Dear Sa - - - viour, Thine and mine. . . . . .

sempre f ritard.

sempre f ritard.

a tempo

ritard.

L.H.

p

pp

Ped.

Ped.

No. 7.

Softly sleeps my Baby.

AN ENGLISH LULLABY.

SOFTLY SLEEPS MY BABY.

Oh! wand'ring wind, I pray thee fold thy wings,
The whisp'ring trees are calling thee to rest,
The sky grows dim, the noisy birds are still,
And softly sleeps my baby at my breast.

Oh! restless sea, whose waters wan and cold,
Fret the brown rocks with angry moon-white crest,
Hush them, I pray, to little lapping waves,
For softly sleeps my baby at my breast.

Oh! guardian stars, half hid by fleecy cloudlets,
Your watch-fires now I pray make manifest,
No other light have we within the chamber;
Where softly sleeps my baby at my breast.

Oh! Lord of earth, and sea, and stars, and heaven,
Come to our home to-night, and be our guest,
So in the darkness drear, which is Thy shadow,
Shall softly sleep my baby at my breast.

CARIS BROOKE.

SOFTLY SLEEPS MY BABY.

WORDS BY
CARIS BROOKE.

MUSIC BY
ALICIA ADÉLAÏDE NEEDHAM.

Tranquillo e dolcemente.

VOICE.

PIANO.

mf

rit.

a tempo

Oh!

wan_d'ring wind, I pray thee fold thy wings, ... The

whis_p'ring trees are call_ing thee to rest, ... The

p

rall.

sky grows dim, the noi_sy birds are still, ... And

p

rall.

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pp a tempo

soft - ly sleeps my ba - by at my breast.

pp a tempo

Oh!

mf *ten* *rit:* *a tempo*

guard - ian stars, half hid by flee - cy cloud - lets, Your

watch-fires now I pray make man - i - - fest, No

p

o - ther light have we with - in the cham - ber,. . . . Where

rall:

p

rall:

pp a tempo

soft - ly sleeps my ba - by at my breast.

pp a tempo

Oh!

mf *ten.* *rit:* *a tempo*

mf implorando

Lord of earth, and sea, and stars, and hea - ven, Come

mf

to our home to - night, and be our guest, So

in the dark_ness drear, which is Thy sha - dow, ... Shall

soft - ly sleep my ba - by at my breast.

rall.

pp

ten.

ppp

No. 8.

Toss a Brown Baby.

AN ENGLISH LULLABY.

TOSS A BROWN BABY.

Toss a brown baby up over the tree;
Up he goes! up he goes!
Up where the wind whistles loud in its glee,
Up where the robin shrieks gaily to see,
Where the sweet apple grows,
Up he goes! up he goes!
Dance with the thistle-down, buzz with the bee.

Roll a brown baby down deep in the flow'rs,
Down he goes! down he goes!
Down where the butterflies flash in their bow'rs,
Down where the rose petals pelt him in show'rs,
Where the soft pansy grows,
Down he goes! down he goes!
Honey bee food is this baby of ours.

ANON.

TOSS A BROWN BABY.

WORDS
ANON.

MUSIC BY
ALICIA ADÉLAÏDE NEEDHAM.

Vivace grazioso.

VOICE.

PIANO.

f

mf allegramente

Toss a brown ba_by up o_ver the tree; Up he goes!

p

mf

up... he goes! Up where the wind whis_tles loud in its glee

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ritard.

Up where the ro-bin shrieks gai-ly to see, Where the sweet . . . ap-ple

ritard.

rall:

grows.

Up he goes!

f a tempo

rall:

Ped.

mp a tempo

up he goes!

Dance with the this-tle-down, buzz with the bee.

mp a tempo

f agitato

leggiero

mp

rit.

Roll a brown ba - by down deep in the flow'rs, Down he goes!

mp

rit.

vivace

down he goes! Down where the but - ter - flies flash in their bow'rs,

vivace

rall.

Down where the rose pet - als pelt him in show'rs, Where the soft . . . . pan - sy

rall.

p

grows.

p

precipitoso

rall.

Ped.

rall.

Down he goes! Down he goes! Ho - ney - bee food is this

a tempo

a tempo

ba - by of ours.

leggiero scherzando

mf

Toss a Brown Ba - by up o - ver the tree;

mf

Ped.

Up he goes! up he goes! Up where the wind whis - tles

f

f colla voce

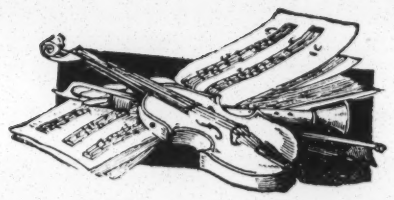
loud in its glee Up where the ro-bin shrieks gai-ly to see, Where the

sweet ap-ple grows.

Up he goes! up he goes! Dance with the this-tle-down, buzz.... with the

bee.

H. 1785.



No. 9.

Husheen.

A MODERN IRISH HUSH-SONG.

HUSHEEN.

Oh! who is this that softly lies
At my heart's door with drowsy eyes,
While shadows o'er the sunset skies
Steal silently and soon O!

*Husheen, Husho,
Hush and lullalo,
Husheen, Husho,
†Hush go ciúin go ló!

It is my treasure noon and night,
It is my heart's love at first sight,
Oh joy! to press that cheek so light
And to my wee one croon O!

Husheen, Husho,
Hush and lullalo,
Husheen, Husho,
Hush go ciúin go ló!

And now the dusky night creeps down
O'er sleepy stream and heather brown,
As high above the dreamy town
There floats the silver moon O!

Husheen, Husho,
Hush and lullalo,
Husheen, Husho,
Hush go ciúin go ló!

FRANCIS A. FAHY.

*Pronounced "Huzh-een."

†"Hush softly till dawn," pronounced "Hush guc kyune gul lo."

HUISÍN.

O cia h-é so atá na luighe
Cho sámh ag dorus beag mo chroidhe,
Anuair ó'n oir tig sgáil an oidhche
Go luathmhar as go ciúin O!

Huisín, huiseó,
Huis as lullalo,
Huisín, huiseó,
Huis go ciúin go ló!

Is é mo mhíle, mhíle ghrádh,
Mo chuid an t-saoghail, mo leanbh laghach,
Nach aoibhinn é air m'anam d'fháisg,
Mo stóirín as mo run O!

Huisín, huiseó,
Huis as lullalo,
Huisín, huiseó,
Huis go ciúin go ló!

Anois atá an gheallach bhuidhe
Air fuid an t-saoghail ag sgapad sith,
O sámh, mo leanbh, bí do luighe,
Tá an domhain i d-trom-shuain O!

Huisín, huiseó,
Huis as lullalo,
Huisín, huiseó,
Huis go ciúin go ló!

FROINSIAS A. OFATHA.

Sung by MISS CLARA BUTT.

HUSHEEN.

WORDS BY
FRANCIS A. FAHY.

MUSIC BY
ALICIA ADÉLAÏDE NEEDHAM.

Andante tranquillamente.

PIANO.

mp

Ped.

p grazioso

Oh! who is this that soft - ly lies At

p grazioso

Ped.

my heart's door with drow - sy eyes, While sha - dows o'er the

p

sun - set skies Steal si - lent - ly and soon O?

p

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p

Hush - - een, Hush - - o, Hush and lul - la -

Ped.

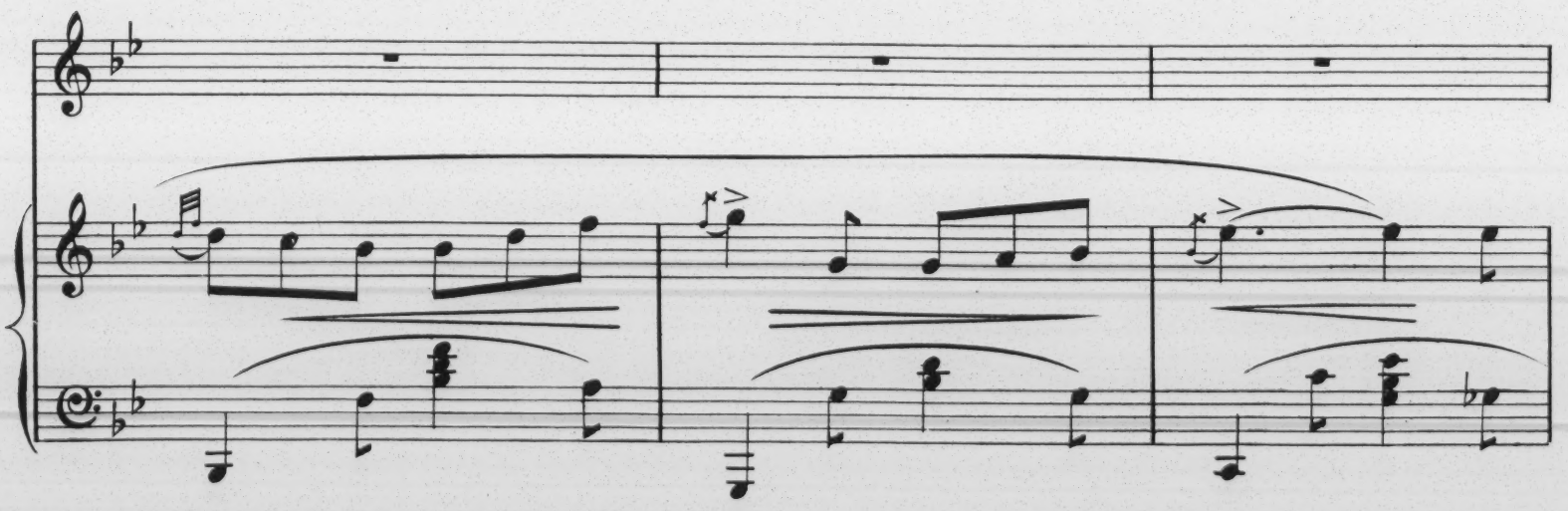
mf rit. mp a tempo

lo, Hush - - een, ... Hush - - o, ...

mf rit. mp a tempo

p pp

†Hush go ciuin go lo! . . . . . .

p pp mf ben marcato la melodia

⁂ pronounced Huzh-een. † "Hush! softly till dawn" = pronounced, "Hush gue kyune gulo."

p *ritard.*

It is my trea - sure noon and night, It

a tempo

Ped.

is my heart's love at first sight, O joy! to press that

p

cheek so light And to... my dar - ling croon O!

p

p

Hush - - een, Hush - - o, Hush and lul - la -

p p

Ped.

mf rit. mp a tempo

- lo, Hush - - een, ... Hush - - o, ...

mf rit. mp a tempo

p pp

Hush go ciuin go lo! . . . . .

p pp mf soave

mp a tempo

And now the dusk_y night creeps down O'er

p *rit:* *mp a tempo sotto voce*

più cres:

sleep - y stream and hea - ther brown, As high a bove the

più cres:

dream - y town There floats the sil - ver moon O!

Hush - - een, Hush - - o, Hush and lul - la -

p *p* *p* *p*

Ped.

mf rit. mpa tempo p

- lo, Hush - een,... Hush - o,... Hush go ciuin go

mf rit. mpa tempo p

pp p ronzamente

lo! O

p sotto voce al fine

Ped.

riten. morendo

riten. pp ppp

No. 10.

Croodlin' Doo.

A NEGRO LULLABY.

CROODLIN' DOO.*

Ho, pretty bee, did you see my croodlin' doo?
Ho, little lamb, is she jinkin' on the lea?
Ho, bonnie fairy, bring my dearie back to me,—
Got a lump o'sugar an' a posie for you,
Only bring me back my wee, wee croodlin' doo!

Why! here you are, my little croodlin' doo!
Looked in er cradle, but didn't find you there,
Looked f'r my wee, wee croodlin' doo ever'where;
Be'n kind lonesome all er day withouten you,—
Where you b'en, my teeny, weeny croodlin' doo?

Now you go balow, my little croodlin' doo;
Now you go rock-a-bye ever so far,—
Rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye up to the star
That's winkin' an' blinkin' an' singin' to you
As you go balow, my wee, wee croodlin' doo!

EUGENE FIELD.

*Cooing Dove.

CROODLIN' DOO.*

WORDS BY
EUGENE FIELD.

MUSIC BY
ALICIA ADÉLAÏDE NEEDHAM.

Allegro ma graziosa.

PIANO.

mf

Ho, pret_ty bee, did you see my crood_lin' doo?

Ho, lit_tle lamb, is she jink - in' on the lea?

Ho, bon_nie fai - ry, bring my dear - ie back to me_

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* Cooing dove.

mp

Got a lump of su - gar and a po - - sie for you,

mp

implorando

ritard.

On - ly bring me back my wee, wee crood - - lin' doo!

ritard.

mf a tempo

rit:

On - - ly bring me back my wee, wee crood - lin' doo!

mf a tempo

rit:

a tempo

graziosamente

p

mf

Why! here you are, my lit - tle crood - lin' doo!

mf

rit.

Looked in er cra - - dle, but did - n't find you there, —

rit.

a tempo

f

Looked for my wee, wee crood-lin' doo ev - er'-where;

a tempo

f

mp tristamente

Be'n kind lone - some all er day with - out - en you,—

poco ritard.

mp

poco ritard.

a tempo maravigliosamente

Where you be'n, my tee - ny, wee - ny crood - - lin' doo?

ritard.

a tempo

ritard.

mf a tempo

Where you be'n, my tee - ny, wee - ny crood - lin' doo?

rit:

mf a tempo

rit:

a tempo

con grazia

p

mp

Now you go ba - - low, my lit - tle crood - lin' doo;

mp

rall:

Now you go rock - a - bye ev - - er so far,

rall: colla voce

a tempo

Rock - a - bye, Rock - a - bye up to the star That's

a tempo

ritard.

wink - - in' an' blink - in' an' sing - - in' to you

ritard.

a tempo

poco ritard.

As you go ba - - low, my wee, wee crood-lin' doo!

a tempo

poco ritard.

p

As . . . . . you go ba - - low, my wee crood - lin' doo!

p

p

a tempo

sempre piano e non rall:

8va

pp

ppp

No. 11.

Harvest Slumber Song.

AN AMERICAN LULLABY.

HARVEST SLUMBER SONG.

Sleep, little baby, sleep, sleep, sleep,
Red is the moon in the night's still deep,
White are the stars with their silver wings
Folded in dreamings of beautiful things,
And over their cradle the night wind sings
Sleep, little baby, sleep, sleep, sleep.

Soft in the lap of the mother night,
The wee baby stars, all glowing and bright,
Flutter their silver wings and crow
To the watchful winds that kiss as they blow,
Round the air-cradle that swings so low,
Down in the lap of the mother night.

Sleep, little baby, sleep, sleep, sleep,
Red is the moon in the night's still deep,
And the wee baby stars are all folded and kissed,
In a luminous cradle of silver mist;
And ever they waken the winds cry, whist!
Sleep, little baby, sleep, sleep, sleep.

W. Wilfrid Campbell.

HARVEST SLUMBER SONG.

WORDS ANON.
(By kind permission of the Detroit Free Press.)

MUSIC BY
ALICIA ADÉLAÏDE NEEDHAM.

Allegro vivace.

PIANO.

mf

Sleep, lit_tle ba _ by, sleep, sleep, sleep,

ritard. *mf a tempo*

piu forte

Red is the moon in the night's still deep, White are the stars with their

piuf

mp con tenerezza

sil _ ver wings Fold _ ed in dream_ings of beau_ti_ful things, And

mp grazioso

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p

o - ver their cra dle the night wind sings Sleep, lit - tle ba - by,

ritard.

p

ritard.

sleep, sleep, sleep.

a tempo ***f***

Soft in the lap of the

rit:

p *a tempo*

mo - ther night, The wee ba - by stars, all glow - ing and bright,

Flutter their sil - ver wings and crow To the watch - ful winds that

scherzando

grazioso

kiss as they blow Round the air - cra - dle that swings so low

ritard.

ritard.

a tempo

Down in the lap of the mo - ther night.

a tempo

mf

ritard.

p

mp a tempo

Sleep, lit - tle ba - - by, sleep, sleep, sleep,

mp a tempo

Ped. ✻ Ped. Ped.

Red is the moon in the night's still deep, And the

p

wee ba - by stars are all fold - ed and kissed In a

p

lu - - mi - nous cra - dle of... sil - - ver mist; And

pp

ev - - er they wa - - ken the winds cry, whist!

p rit.

pp

rit.

a tempo

rit.

ppp

Sleep, lit - tle ba - - by, sleep, sleep, sleep.

p a tempo

rit.

sotto voce

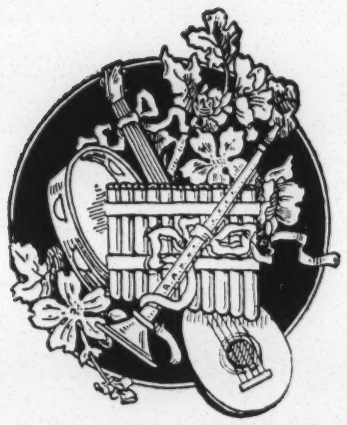
sempre p
a tempo

rall.

al fine pp

molto ritard.

ppp



No. 12.

My sweet Bairn.

A SCOTCH LULLABY.

MY SWEET BAIRN.

Baloo! my bonnie lammie,
An' I'll sing you a bit sang;
An' I'll tak' tent,[1] my hinnie,[2]
That naething sall you wrang.
Your wee bit bed is saft an' warm,
For it was made by me,
An' ye are lyin' safe frae harm,
Aneath a mither's e'e.

Baloo! my sweet wee dawtie,[3]
This is your time o' spring,
When a' is sweet, an' fresh an' pure,—
Nae guilt the heart to sting.
O, lang in innocence remain,
An' safe at hame abide;
An' still uphaud by virtuous deeds
A mither's honest pride!

Sleep soun', my winsome laddie,
Your daddie's on the sea,—
He's toilin' late an' early
For bread to you an' me.
Hale nights I lie an' listen
Wi' feelin's lane an' drear;
An' when I hear the risin' storm
I'm like to swarf[4] wi' fear.

But while the win's are whistlin'
Wi' wild and eerie tune,
For my dear Jamie's safety
I look to Ane aboon.
For He can calm the stormy win,'
An' still the ragin' sea,
An' bring again my dear gude-man
To my sweet bairn and me.

TRADITIONAL SCOTCH.

1 Care.
2 Honey.
3 Darling.
4 Swoon.

MY SWEET BAIRN.

WORDS.
OLD SCOTCH.

MUSIC BY
ALICIA ADÉLAÏDE NEEDHAM.

Andante con grazia.

VOICE.

PIANO.

mf

con tenerezza

Ba loo! my bon-nie lam-mie, An' I'll sing you a bit sang;

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rall:

An' I'll tak' tent*, my hin_nie,† That nae_thing sall you wrang. Your

rall:

a tempo

wee bit bed is saft an' warm, For it was made by me, An'

a tempo

cres:

ye are ly_in' safe frae harm, A_neath a mi_ther's e'e An'

non legato

f

f

rall:

a tempo

ye are ly_in' safe frae harm, A_neath a mi_ther's e'e.

rall:

a tempo

p

* care. † honey.

leggiero

mp

Ba loo! my sweet wee daw_tie,* This is your time o' spring, When

mp

Ped.

rall:

a' is sweet, an' fresh an' pure, An' nae guilt the heart to sting. O,

rall:

* darling.

mf

lang in in - no - cence re-main, An' safe at hame a - bide; An'

mf

still up - haud by vir - - tu - - ous deeds A

non legato poco cres:

mi - - ther's hon - - est pride! An'

cres:

f

f *rall:*

still up-haud by vir - tu-ous deeds A

a tempo

mi-ther's hon - est pride.

rall:

a tempo

p

leggiero

ritard.

p

Sleep soun', my win_some laddie, For your dad_die's on the sea,—

p

Ped.

He's toil_in' late an' ear_ly For bread to you an' me. Hale

Ped.

più forte

nights I lie an' list - en Wi' feel_in's lane an' drear; An'

agitato timorosamente

when I hear the ris - _ in' storm I'm

agitato

like to swarf* wi' fear An'

f

f

rall:

when I hear the ris - in' storm I'm like to swarf wi' fear.

rall:

ten.

p

* swoon.

a tempo
tranquillamente

rit.

mp

But while the win's are whistlin' Wi' wild and ee - rie tune,

mp

Ped.

poco rall:

mf

For my dear Ja - mie's safe - ty I look to Ane a - boon. For

poco rall:

a tempo

He can calm the storm - y win', An' still the ra - gin' sea, An'

mf a tempo

bring a - gain my dear gude-man To my sweet bairn an' me An'

f

f

bring a - gain my dear gude-man To my sweet bairn an'

rall:

rall:

p

me.

a tempo.

p

morendo

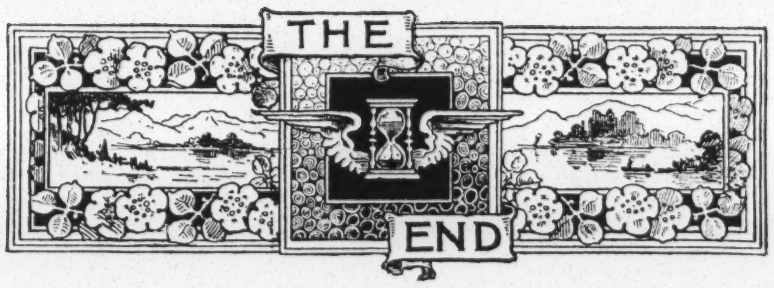
pp

8va

ppp

Ped.

Ped.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